

*The history*

*Prince.* Well, here is my leg.

*Falst.* And here is my speech; stand aside Nobilitie.

*Host.* O Iesu, this is excellent sport ifaith.

*Falst.* Weepe not sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vain.

*Host.* O the father, how he holds his countenance?

*Fal.* For Gods sake Lords, conuay my trustfull Queene,  
For teares do stop the foudgates of her eyes.

*Host.* O Iesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotrie plaiers as  
euer I see.

*Falst.* Peace good pint-pot, peace good tickle-braine.

*Harrie.* I doe not onelie maruaile where thou spendest thy  
time, but also how thou art accompanied. For though the cam-  
momill, the more it is troden on, the faster it growes: so youth  
the more it is wasted, the sooner it weares: that thou art my son  
I haue partly thy mothers worde, partlie my owne opinion, but  
chiefie a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging  
of thy neather lippe, that dooth warrant me. If then thou bee  
sonne to mee, heere lies the poynt, why beeing sonne to me, art  
thou so pointed at: shal the blessed sunne of heauen proue a mi-  
cher, and eat black-berries? a question not to be askt. Shall the  
sonne of England proue a theefe, and take purses? a question to  
be askt. There is a thing Harry, which thou hast often heard of,  
and it is knowne to many in our land by the name of pitch. This  
pitch (as ancient writers do report) doth defile, so doth the com-  
panie thou keepest: for Harrie now, I do not speake to thee in  
drinke, but in teares; not in pleasure but in passion: not in words  
onely, but in woes also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom  
I haue often noted in thy companie, but I know not his name.

*Prin.* What maner of man and it like your Maiestie?

*Fal.* A goodly portly man ifayth, and a corpulent, of a cheerful  
looke, a pleasing eie, and a most noble carriage, and as I thinke  
his age some fiftie, or birladie inclining to threescore, and nowe  
I remember me, his name is *Falstalffe*, if that man shoulde bee  
lewldly giuen, hee deceiue me. For Harry, I see vertue in his  
lookes: if then the tree may bee knowne by the fruit, as the fruit  
by the tree, then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that  
*Falstalffe*, him keepe with the rest banish, and tell me now thou  
naughtie varlet, tell me where hast thou beene this month?

Pr.

*of Henrie the fourth.*

*Prin.* Dost thou speake like a king, do thou stand for me, and  
ile play my father.

*Fal.* Depose me, if thou dost it halfe so graucly, so maiestical-  
ly, both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heeles for a rab-  
bet sucker, or a poulters Hare

*Prin.* Well, here I am set.

*Fal.* And here I stand, iudge my maisters.

*Prin.* Now Harry, whence come you?

*Fal.* My noble Lord from Eastcheape.

*Prin.* The complaints I heare of thee are greuous.

*Fal.* Zbloud my Lord they are false: nay ile tickle ye for a yong  
prince I faith.

*Prin.* Swarest thou vngratious boy, hence forth nere looke  
on me, thou art violently carried awaie from grace, there is a di-  
uell haunts thee in the likenesse of an olde fat man, a tun of man  
is thy companion: why dost thou conuerse with that trunke of  
humours, that boulding hutch of beaftlinesse, that swolne parcell  
of dropies, that huge bombard of sacke, that stuff cloakebag of  
guts, that roasted Mannington Oxe with the pudding in his belly,  
that reuerent vice, that gray iniquity, that facher ruffian, that va-  
nity in yeares, wherein is he good, but to tast sacke and drinke it?  
wherein neat and clenly, but to carue a capon and eat it? wherein  
cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villa-  
nous, but in al things? where in worthy, but in nothing?

*Fal.* I would your grace would take me with you, whome  
meanes your grace?

*Prin.* That villanous abhominable misleader of youth, *Fal-  
stalffe*, that olde white bearded Sathan.

*Fal.* My Lord, the man I know.

*Prin.* I know thou doest.

*Fal.* But to say I knowe more harme in him then in my selfe,  
were to say more then I know: that he is olde the more the pit-  
tie, his white haire doe witnesse it, but that he is sauing your re-  
uerence, a whoremaster, that I vtterlie denie: if sacke and sugar  
be a fault, God helpe the wicked; if to be olde and merry be a sin,  
then many an old host that I know is damnd: if to be fat be to be  
hated, then Pharaos lane kine are to be loued. No my good lord  
banish Peto, banish Bardoll, banish Paines, but for sweet Iacke

E 3

*Falstalffe*